

Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.  
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy  
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.  
Such a Foo, good Heavens.

Exit.

## Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore haue prou'd best Woodman, and  
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I  
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:  
The sweate of industry would dry, and dye  
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes  
Will make what's homely, saoury: Wearinesse  
Can shone vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth  
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,  
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gai. I am thoroughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gai. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that  
Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our viualles, I should thinke  
Heere were a Faery.

Gai. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not  
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse  
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:  
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought  
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth  
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,  
I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone  
As I had made my Meale; and parted  
With Prayrs for the Provider.

Gai. Money? Youth,

Arui. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty Gods.Imo. I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes  
By this rude place we lye in. Well encounter'd,  
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:  
Boyes, bid him welcome.Gai. Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:  
I bid for you, as I do buy.Arui. He make't my Comfort  
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd giue to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they  
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize  
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting  
To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gai. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,  
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue  
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by  
That nothing-guist of differing Multitudes  
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,  
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;  
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we haue supp'd  
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,  
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gai. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,  
And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir,

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exit.

## Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;  
That since the common men are now in Action  
Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,  
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are  
Full weake to vndertake our Warres against  
The false-off Brittaines, that we do incite  
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates  
Lucius Pro-Confull: and to you the Tribunes  
For this immediate Leuy, he commands  
His absolute Commission. Long liue Cesar.

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions  
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie  
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission  
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exit.

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,  
if Pisanio haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments  
serue me? Why should his Mistis who was made by him  
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saying  
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans fitnesse  
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare  
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,  
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,  
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse  
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-  
yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in  
Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re-  
markeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant  
Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?  
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy  
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistis in-  
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and  
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may  
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vface: but my  
Mother hauing power of his restinesse, shall turne all in-  
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out  
Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my  
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place  
and the Fellow dares not deceiue me.

Exit.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and  
Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remain heere in the Caue,  
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:  
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,  
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gai. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:  
But not so Citizen a wanton, as  
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,  
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,  
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,  
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye  
Stealing so poorly.

Gai. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be faine to say so (Sir) I yoake mee  
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why  
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,  
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,  
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say  
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!  
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;  
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.  
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,  
Deth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.  
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Moone.

Arui. Brother, farewell.